UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

Associate Editors

Francis Neilson Louis L. Mann Curtis W. Reese

It Must Be Done Now!

By CLARENCE R. SKINNER

Religion and Evolution

By HERBERT A. STURGES

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

PART V, CHAPTERS XVI AND XVII

By M. K. GANDHI

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ASSOCIATE EDITORS

FRANCIS NEILSON LOUIS L. MANN CURTIS W. REESE

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SPECIAL!

Two Features for 1929:

(a)—Our Editor-in-Chief, Mr. Holmes, is leaving directly after New Year's for a three months' trip to Palestine, where he will deliver an address in dedication of a Public Health Center in Jerusalem. On his return he expects to visit Constantinople, Athens, Egypt and Italy. During his absence, *Mr. Holmes will contribute a weekly letter to* UNITY *describing his observations and experiences.*

(b)—Our Associate Editor, Mr. Reese, is now in India, in attendance on the 100th Anniversary celebration of the Brahmo-Somaj. He plans to return to America *via* Egypt and the Mediterranean. On this four months' trip, *Mr. Reese will write for* UNITY *a series of letters describing his experiences, especially in India.*

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME CII MONDAY, JANUARY 21, 1929 NUMBER 19

THE FAITH OF WILLIAM JAMES

I confess that I do not see why the existence of an invisible world may not depend in part on the personal response which any one of us may make to the religious appeal. God Himself, in short, may draw vital strength and increase of very being from our fidelity. For my own part, I do not know what the sweat and blood and tragedy of this life mean, if they mean anything short of this.

If this life be not a real fight, in which something is eternally gained for the universe by success, it is no better than a game of private theatricals from which one may withdraw at will. But it feels like a real fight—as if there were something really wild in the universe which we, with all our idealities and faithfulnesses, are needed to redeem; and first of all to redeem our own hearts from atheisms and fears. For such a half-wild, half-saved universe our nature is adapted. The deepest thing in our nature is the dumb region of the heart in which we dwell alone with our willingnesses and unwillingnesses, our faiths and fears.

As through the cracks and crannies of caverns whose waters exude from the earth's bosom and from springs, so in these depths of personality the sources of all our deeds and outer doings take their rise. Here is our deepest organ of communication with the nature of things; and compared with these concrete movements of our soul all abstract statements and scientific arguments—the veto, for example, which the strict positivist pronounces upon our faith—sound to us like mere chatterings of the teeth.

These then are my last words to you: Be not afraid of life. Believe that life is worth living, and your belief will help create the fact. The "scientific proof" that you are right may not be clear before the day of judgment (or some stage of being which that expression may serve to symbolize) is reached. But the faithful fighters of this hour, or the beings that then and there represent them, may turn to the faint-hearted, those who decline to go, with the words with which Henry IV greeted the tardy Crillon after a great victory had been gained: "Hang yourself, brave Crillon! We fought at Arques, and you were not there."

—*From* "IS LIFE WORTH LIVING."

When this editorial note is printed, the Editor of UNITY will be in southern Europe, on the eve of taking ship for Egypt and Palestine. His journey to the East will have been speedy, as his one objective is the Holy Land. There he hopes to remain for a period of weeks, hunting out the ancient Bible scenes, surveying the people and their ways, and very especially studying Zionism and its building of a new homeland for the Jews. On his return, the Editor hopes to visit interesting countries upon the way, and thus see, if only for a fleeting moment, certain of the spots of historic and cultural interest in the Mediterranean area. During his absence, which may be extended to the latter part of March, UNITY will be amply and ably served by members of the Editorial Fellowship and other genial and generous associates, who will supply editorials, book reviews, and occasional articles, all under the general supervision and direction of the Managing Editor, Edith Lloyd Jones. The Editor will himself undertake to do his part, even while far distant, by sending in weekly letters descriptive of his observations and experiences on his travels. It is hoped that these letters, together with the letters from Mr. Reese in India, may serve to make UNITY's new year of more than usual interest. Between them, these two colleagues will cover a considerable portion of the circuit of the globe! We commend our paper at this time to the friendly attention of our readers, confident that the plan of operation to be followed during the next three months will not only maintain familiar standards, but give a novelty of substance and a freshness of viewpoint which will be greatly welcome. After all, it is a good thing to have an editor leave his paper once in a while, just as it is a good thing to have a minister leave his pulpit, and husband and wife each other's company.

The Editor feels sad in prospect of the fact that he will not be sitting in his accustomed chair when the Briand-Kellogg Treaty is ratified by the Senate, and thus will not be able to join his voice to the great vociferation of acclaim which will go up throughout the nation and the world when this event takes place. In anticipation of the hour of ratification, which will probably fall at about the hour this editorial note is printed, the Editor herewith records his jubilation at the culmination of the campaign for the Outlawry of War, which he joined first among all the journalists of America with eager hope and firm conviction, but with no thought of so great a triumph in so short a space of time. He would at this same moment extend the deep and heartfelt congratulations of UNITY to Mr. Salmon O. Levinson, originator and chief advocate of the Outlawry idea implicit in the Treaty, who has had the ineffably happy experience of witnessing the fulfilment of his hopes at a time when he is still vigorous and strong to continue the work thus happily begun, and

carry it through under his inspired leadership to ultimate completion. The Editor would likewise extend his thanks and felicitations to Senator Borah, the outstanding political champion of the cause, who in these last few weeks has piloted the Treaty through the fretful waters of the Senate with such consummate skill and utter devotion. Also to President Coolidge and to Secretary of State Kellogg whose name will be forever attached to this immortal pact! Then, in honorable and happy array, we see the doughty warriors who have fought the good fight for Outlawry through all these years of misunderstanding, ridicule, and occasional abuse—John Dewey, Raymond Robbins, Charles Clayton Morrison, Frances Kellor, and Florence B. Allen. These are they who have served unselfishly and bravely with their great captain, and share with him the glory and reward.

The problem of buying a drink last night was extremely complicated. The "open door" places that formerly boasted how they operated, were closed tightly except to the comparatively few who knew the "boss." . . . Probably never before since the passing of the Eighteenth Amendment was the lid clamped down as tightly as it was last night.—New York *Times* (January 6th).

This was the situation in New York, the "wettest" city in the country, within less than a week after a new police commissioner had taken charge and demonstrated that he meant business. For years, the metropolis has been regarded as impossible from the Prohibition standpoint. The task of enforcing the law was given up by the local authorities, as the task of dealing effectively with any kind of crime was given up—with the result that night-clubs, "speak-easies," "blind pigs," and innumerable drug stores and cigar shops opened up in the liquor trade, as thugs, gunmen and "racketeers" opened up in the stick-up and murder game. "You cannot enforce Prohibition," said everybody, just as they might have said, but did not, "You cannot enforce the laws against robbery and killing." Then, when the situation became at last intolerable, a new police commissioner was placed in office; and in twenty-four hours the crooks were on the run, and in a week the "speak-easies" and other dispensaries of "booze" were closed. On a Saturday (January 5th), the police reported a "crime-free day," and the newspapers that "the problem of buying a drink was extremely complicated." Which means that in New York, exactly as in Philadelphia (see last week's editorial), it has been proved that Prohibition can be enforced whenever and wherever anybody wants to enforce it! Courage, patience, unfaltering determination are all that is needed to make Prohibition a success. We expect to see Herbert Hoover as President do on a nation-wide scale what is now being done so triumphantly in the two greatest cities on our eastern seaboard.

The publication in translation of the second volume of Oswald Spengler's "Decline of the West" is a literary and scientific event of the first importance in the English-speaking world. Too much praise cannot be given to Alfred A. Knopf, the publisher who has had the courage and sacrifice to put forth this expensive work which can never, by any wildest stretch of the imagination, become a best-seller. In our opinion, Spengler's masterpiece is a book destined to take its place with Bacon's "Novum Organum," Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason," and Darwin's "Origin of Species." Quite apart from its specific conclusions as to the impending and inevitable decline of our civilization, which may or may not be accepted, the "Decline of the West" is epoch-making from the standpoint of its new historical method or viewpoint. From now on the writing of history is going to be different, just as the writing of science has been different since Darwin's day. Hitherto we have had a picture of world history as a single movement, developing in a straight-line, so to speak, one civilization following after another in due order of succession — Assyria, Babylonia, Persia, Greece, Rome, the Middle Ages, etc.—and each absorbing and taking over and thus preserving "all the good the past hath had." Now comes Spengler with his vision of world history as a multifarious movement, consisting of simultaneous groups of civilizations emerging, developing, disappearing, like stars in the sky, each swinging in its own orbit, and having no necessary or decisive connection with any other. Civilizations are not successive, says Spengler, but contemporaneous. Each is an independent cultural phenomenon, as each star is an independent sidereal phenomenon, and all evolve according to laws of integration and disintegration which make their ultimate extinction certain. Our civilization today shows all the symptoms of decline and ultimate dissolution which have appeared in all the civilizations that man has ever known. We are approaching our end! Whether this is so or not, Spengler's viewpoint of history is as sound as it is revolutionary. Already Wells's "Outline of History" is outmoded.

Doubts of the soundness of Spengler's conclusions, as distinguished from his method, spring from the thought that new forces have appeared in our civilization which have never appeared in any other. This is a way evolution has—of suddenly producing new forces which change the whole character and trend of integrated life! Thus, Professor Beard emphasizes the factor of machinery—a force so new and potent that it may well arrest the process of social decline which Spengler describes with such terrible precision. But machinery raises new doubts of its own, to our way of thinking; for machinery has destructive as well as constructive potentialities, and there are more signs than a few that machines are going to annihilate us before they save us. Another factor, much more hopeful, it seems to us, than any other, is the new psychology of

our time. What we have in mind here is nothing technical or abstruse, but the simple human fact that man has discovered in this our day that he can do things, that he is master of himself and of his world, that he has within his control and at his disposal creative capacities which have no limit! Hitherto, in all civilizations, if records are correct, man has centered the creative faculty in a dim, remote, far-separated being known as God. To this deity man has looked helplessly for salvation, and thus inertly waited upon his pleasure or displeasure. Today, and for the first time, man has discovered that this creative faculty exists within himself. He is God! The world is his to fashion, mould, remake! Now and here, and by the hand of man, there can be a creation greater than that recorded childishly in "Genesis." So man waits no longer upon Providence, but rises in his godlike strength, himself to conquer evil and establish good. And, lo, disease is extinguished, hunger banished, deserts changed to gardens, and the very geography of earth transformed. Is not man's discovery that he is master of his destiny the one new thing which will save our world?

We admired HENRY ARTHUR JONES, dead on January 7th last, much more for his dramatic works than for his anti-Bolshevist activities. In his "Who's Who" biography, he described his recreation as "sedition hunting." This was a correct description—except that this hunting was his business rather than his recreation. Jones was one of the men who went mad during the War, and never got over it. His fury against the Germans was easily transferred to the Russians, and so in his last years he went raging on against anybody and everybody who did not swear by Baldwin and the Tory Cabinet. His controversy with H. G. Wells was pitiable in its exposure of Jones's mania. But we can put this down as evidence of senility, and forget and forgive as posterity will forget and forgive. What future generations will remember is the place of Henry Arthur Jones in the glittering galaxy of dramatists which made the last thirty years a glorious period in the history of the English theatre. Pinero, Jones, Barrie, Shaw, Galsworthy, Ervine are the great names, and Jones is fittingly of the company. He was unfortunate, to be sure, in two facts. First, in the days of his fame and influence, he was outshone by a more distinguished contemporary—Pinero. Both men flourished at the same time, and both did work of the same type, but Jones was always and justly rated as inferior to his rival, as Sudermann in Germany was rated as inferior to Hauptmann. Secondly, Jones lived to see his plays outmoded, and succeeded by the revolutionary productions of younger and more brilliant men. The mounting splendor of Bernard Shaw threw him into almost complete, as it threw certain other and greater men into partial, eclipse. None the less, Henry Arthur Jones remains one of the great figures of his time. "The Liars" was the most brilliant comedy of its period, "The Silver King" the best written and most substantial of all melodramas, and "Mrs. Dane's Defense" one of the classics of the English stage.

It Must Be Done Now!

A few days ago a group of professors in a New England college were discussing the problem of convocation speaker. About once a month a distinguished lecturer is invited to appear before the entire student body to present some important theme of general interest. This custom, common to many colleges, serves the two-fold purpose of inspiring the young men and women by bringing before them notable persons who have achieved great things, and it also gives the students the latest information on subjects not always dealt with in the college class-room.

The professors had a large list of speakers, and their respective merits or demerits were being carefully considered. One man who had specialized in problems of international relations was suggested as the speaker, with the thought that he might bring an authoritative word on the latest development of peace endeavors, including the status of the Kellogg pact. But those on the committee who were closest to the students said most emphatically, no! And the reason was not because of any inadequacy in the proposed speaker, but—and here is the important point of this article—because the students are fed up on the league of nations, and all phases of peace propaganda!

This bit of information, given out in a casual way as of no particular importance, struck us as one of the most significant things we have heard in a long time. And the longer we thought about it, the more significant it seemed. Finally, the truth dawned upon our head (which is swiftly getting gray and bald), that a new generation is coming upon the scene—a generation to whom the terrors of 1914 are meaningless! A generation entered our colleges this fall which was only four years old when the war was declared, and which was only eight years old when it ended. To these young people, entering upon the estate of manhood and womanhood, the stories of the war are a bore.

Many of us who are middle aged will remember with what amused tolerance we listened to old men of the Grand Army tell their tales of the Civil War. The soldiers seemed to us as relics who were living in the past—poor souls—while we wanted to go on

into the heritage of our new world—the world of youth and adventure. With the impatience of young manhood we could not linger over battles and campaigns of long ago.

We did not learn our lesson! The veterans who hated war did not hand on to us a strong emotion. We may have thought it all stupid and unforgiveable. But that was merely an intellectual conviction. There was little or no horror in our attitude toward war. The experiences which seared their way into the feelings of Civil War veterans, never to be forgotten, passed lightly over us, and soon became text-book facts of history—cold and remote.

How many realize that this same process is happening today? How many of us are able to completely comprehend the fact that the youth now entering upon the stage of business, journalism, ministry, law, and all the serious callings of life, look upon the terrific experiences of 1914 as past history? In Europe this process is not taking place with such rapidity as in the United States, for the new generation abroad suffered as children from broken homes, malnutrition and fear. But here, only a handful of children suffered as compared with Europe. Our rapid economic recovery has helped a rapid psychological recovery from the agony and terror of the war period. The tradition of prosperity is swiftly becoming the dominant note in American life. There will soon be a generation stepping to the wheel which has little or no emotional horror of war.

Let us not do an injustice to youth. The young people born since 1910 are as keen intellectually as any that ever lived—at least, that is the humble opinion of the writer. This is so true that many of our American Universities have had to revise their standards of class-work to keep pace with the rising intellectual standards of youth. And this new generation is too keen not to realize that war is one of the greatest social problems ever faced by man. A recent questionnaire at Radcliffe College showed an overwhelming majority of students voting for international peace as the most important task before the modern world. But despite this intellectual conviction, there is no such emotional drive to work for it heart and soul, as animates the people who lived and suffered through the war.

It is inevitably so. Psychology teaches us that the drives to action come not from logic and facts, but from impulses, emotions, instincts, and the intimate experiences of the individual. It is entirely beyond reason to expect a generation of youth to abolish war, if they have known nothing of the terrific emotional upheavals of the war experience.

The upshot of the matter is that two obligations rest with solemn responsibility upon those of us who are leaders of public opinion in church, legislature, journalism or school.

First, we must keep the anti-war *emotions* at an intensity which will communicate something of the warmth and glow of our own experience. Facts, while tremendously important, are not enough. We must speak with tongues of fire, we must strike with blows of thunder, we must make the horror of war so unspeakably real that children will turn away from it writhing with disgust and pale with terror.

And secondly, if we are to outlaw war, or to abolish the causes of war, or to organize the world for peace, it must be done now, while the emotions are strong, and memory drives us with its lash. If we put off these tasks twenty years, then the generation which allowed the war to come will have failed twice,—lamentably, miserably, wretchedly failed. How many of us want to go to our graves branded with this double brand?

It must be done now, or, God help us, it won't be done until another generation has been hurled into the iron gates of hell.

CLARENCE R. SKINNER.

Jottings

What dies more quickly than a novel? A play! What dies more quickly than a play? An oration! What dies more quickly than an oration? A sermon! What dies more quickly than a sermon? An editorial! Some novels, plays, orations, even sermons live—but an editorial, never!

When a great New York newspaper announced, in a conspicuous headline, "Capital Preparing for Hoover Inauguration," it used a word, "capital," which may have either one of two meanings. "Capital" in the Wall Street sense is quite as good as "capital" in the Washington sense.

Burns Mantle has published his new book, "The Best Plays of 1927-28." We have had a bad case of mental cramps at thought of his next volume, "The Best Plays of 1928-1929." But perhaps this volume will not be printed—for lack of adequate material!

Buy a drink, smuggle your European purchases through the customs, cheat on your income tax, exceed the speed limit, burn a "nigger"—do anything you want to do! What's a law, anyway, but something to be broken?

How next wars are made! Extract from a speech

delivered on December 21st last by Baron Krupp von Bohlen:

What the French did to the Germans cries for vengeance and revenge. How fervently we must hate has been taught us by the French. This hate should be holy to us. It should be handed down as a legacy from generation to generation until that hour when freedom and the fulfillment of the Fatherland's aims have been attained.

It may or may not be an accident that the Baron von Bohlen, who made the remarks quoted in the above Jotting, is the husband of Bertha Krupp, proprietor of the Krupp works at Essen, and thus the greatest armament manufacturer in Germany.

On to Palestine! *Au revoir!!*

J. H. H.

American Notes—Edwin Markham in Community Church, New York

(Editorial Correspondence)

These "Notes" came to me as I sat in the Community Church last night participating in a reception given Edwin and Mrs. Markham. They are about as "American" as anything I know from the Pacific to the Atlantic—this man and this church: I am writing the week before Christmas, and my words will be read after Christmas—yet, they will be seasonable!

1. What a Man!

A remarkable man—this man Markham, the Man with the Pen. This man of 76, and breathing the Spirit of '76. The Declaration of Independence embodied! Equality, liberty, happiness! "How must a man feel who is assured of immortality?" said Dr. Holmes. "'The Man with the Hoe'—translated into 50 languages—will live forever." Here we were gazing on one of the immortals. Friendly, brotherly, playful, quizzical, paternal, spiritual. And he came from the West—Oregon and California—and, tender of New Yorkers' feelings, he added, "It is a good place to come from." But, he *is* Western—a part of his glory is absorbed from the plains and mountains! (And by the way, the West is occupying a prominent seat in the nation's conclaves. Hoover, Millikan, football teams, boat crews, Lindbergh, Hollywood, Miss Wills—and others too numerous to mention.)

An American idealist! Bridge between us and Emerson, Whitman, Thoreau, Lowell—when idealism had broad wings! He has the free air and bushy hair of that age. And, he read from manuscript, or book—playfully teasing his auditors as a teacher might his pupils. He read—or declaimed, as a Greek might have sung—"Lincoln," and last of all, "The Man with the Hoe." It was a good setting—with busts of Lincoln and Emerson in the background—and above the stalwart angel proclaiming, "Let there be Light." I advise the reader to get down "The Man with the Hoe" and read it over again—letting it sink in. Then, read it once a year. If it is to be immortal, better be familiar with it—who knows, it may be on the entrance test in the Great Examination!

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands
How will the future reckon with this Man?

2. An "American Church"—Shall there be one?

While listening to this real American last night, an old idea came to me with renewed insistence. Ideas to me are like sins—they remain to plague. For a number of years this idea has buzzed in my mind—but when I let it out among the "practical" brothers, it returns like the dove to the Ark, and for the same reason—no place for a footing. So, out it goes again, for Noah did find ground after many weeks. It may take root in some post-diluvian. Let me state it briefly.

The life of America, during 300 years, has brought forth certain political, industrial, educational ideals that may be said to be new, at least, typical of America. I could prove this, but the reader must here use his memory and imagination. The same is true in ethical and spiritual ideals. Americans, for 300 years, have been placing authority not in kings and bishops and superstates, but in the people, in democracy. Note the town-meeting. Note the Mayflower Pact, the Connecticut Constitution of 1639, the Declaration of Independence, the Emancipation Proclamation. Note the common schools free to all. Note Prohibition. Read the Concord poets. Read Twain, Whitman. Study the work of freedom as led by Channing, the Beechers, Parker. A mere glance over the 300 years reveals that American life has had an ethical and spiritual development, quite its own, and something new in human history, as well as something valuable.

I am aware that much has been transplanted from foreign shores in ecclesiastical matters, polity, creeds, etc. For the most part, they are not "American," but are foreign. They may be good. This question I am not raising. What I am seeing is that there has been growing up through the 300 years a spiritual life distinctly American, because having root in democracy and individualism. That spiritual life should now be embodied in an American Church—not a *nationalistic* organization, for the spirit of America is international. It would mean democracy in polity—no overlords like bishops, etc. A calendar for such a church is already in the making, beginning with Lincoln's Birthday and so on; like Thanksgiving, the Fourth. A committee in a year's time could make a wonderful American Service Book with selections from Markham, Whitman, Lincoln, etc., etc., which would more than rival the Service books of other nations where the development has been along the line of kings and bishops. I can see such a book for family and group use, embodying the richest ethical and spiritual ideas of the last 300 years. Americans do not realize what rich treasures there are for such a book. It would help to relieve us of the spurious "Americanism" that is alarming—which is narrow and nationalistic. The United States form of government—recognizing the 48 states, and the community as the unit, whose life was to be cultivated as community made up of individuals, in which rested authority, would suggest a kind of mould for external organization.

I can write no more of this. Who will start the "American Church"?—an organization built on democratic lines, incorporating the ideas and ideals of Americans from 1620, which are really something quite

different and distinct from those of other lands—ideals and ideas in which the conscience is given supreme authority in the life of individuals, and democracy in life of groups. Such a Church is sure to be organized, some time. America cannot forever be content to use the love-letters of other lands, but will write her own. This idea is not copyrighted. Where is the leader to start the "American Church"? In this Church, I thought, there might be a "Markham Chapel"!

3. What the Angels Sang.

As I sat there in Community Church, listening to Edwin Markham and glancing at Dr. Holmes, who was presiding, and who occasionally has a fleeting look as if he were carrying the weight of centuries, I heard the angels sing. I heard them there—a good place to hear them—and I heard them again when, like the shepherds, I returned to my home, on the 14th floor, way back. It was the song of "Ben Adhem" and O, how they soared and sang, when they said, "And, lo, his name led all the rest"—with a response, "Behold, this truly is the House of God!"

And, what is the meaning of all this? I inquired. Then a big angel, as it were, in Oratorio began a recitation. "Where in all this vast city is there a church like unto this one? Higher towers? Emblazoned crosses? Marble pillars? Many priests and rich garments? Yes, yes,—but where did the outlawry of war first find a champion in season and out? Where do the members of all races find a happy home as equals? Where outside India is Gandhi so honored as here? And, our Tolstoy? Where does every despised man of sorrows find hearty welcome,—and at the front door? And, where, in this Babylon of unbelievers, does a voice for temperance and Prohibition so persistently go forth? Where did our saintly Debs get a crust, when on earth—even a whole loaf, but at this spot?" And the other angels sang, "This truly is the House of God."

And a woman angel took up the recitation, "Where did the Indian Naidu find a rest for her soul, and the defamed women of Russia, in a hard and lying generation, a chance to present their cause?" And the Chorus responded, "Here, Here, right here, in the lowly brown church, in the shadow of the Armory" and the song trailed off, "Surely, this is the House of God, a place of prayer for all the nations!" And, as they sang, they drew near for a peek (careful not to get their wings caught in the Armory's tower) at the workers, cooped up in little quarters—but with smiles on their faces that made even the angels smile. They saw the crowds turned away from the meetings, because there was not room enough in the Inn—and they smiled. They saw the pastor's work crippled from lack of room, from lack of funds, and they thought they heard him whisper to himself, a "million dollars would put up just the building needed for the work, and then it would go right on,—perhaps forever!" And what they thought and sang was echoed in heaven, and went down in the book of Approval.

Then I saw the angels gather in a huddle, intent in thought. I listened, as they had their heads together—meanwhile they threw wonderful colors from their wings like the rainbow, which spelled on the sky, *"PROMISE."* They said, "A million dollars!" They ha, ha'd. "So little. And this work to go on forever, right here in the heart of this great Jerusalem. Let's get it! At once! See, who will do it first." One darted in the direction of Boston, singing, "There is a son of Abraham" and as he went he sang, "Behold, Ben Adhem's name." Another darted toward Detroit, singing, "There is a son of Henry, and he . . . " Another darted toward Chicago, singing, "And there is a son of Levi . . ." Another soared about Manhattan, singing, "Here is a son of John, and he . . . a million . . . nothing to him." So ten angels darted, faster than Lindbergh, to ten cities, singing the song of "And, lo, Ben Adhem's name led all the rest!"

4. Ten Men and Women.

Ten men and women will read these words of mine, each of whom could give the million, and never miss it. I know of no place in all America, where a million would do more service for humanity—and for years and years, with a fruitage, that can only be described as eternal. The angels have gone to Boston, to Chicago, to Detroit, around New York and the other cities. Who heard the song and message? . . . Who will be the first? The second would be declined, for only a million is needed. . . . This has not been inspired by Dr. Holmes. Blame no one but the angels, for they certainly sang these words that I heard. They are as true and real as Markham's "The Man with the Hoe." It would be too bad to disappoint the angels, especially at this season! And when the million comes, and the wonderful temple rises, it might be a good thing to have in it, along with the Robert Collyer Memorial, a "Markham Chapel," with the date of when he read "The Man with the Hoe." And, maybe, a "Rauschenbusch Library." Maybe a Jenkin Lloyd Jones editorial sanctum. Maybe, a "Gandhi Shrine." Maybe, a "Tolstoy Alcove." And other names come to mind—Lincoln, Dunbar, Lenin, Sun Yat-sen, Jefferson, a host! What a church that would be! There would be none like in the earth! None dearer to the singing aviators of heaven! SYDNEY STRONG.

Hymn of the Intransigeants

["Be not conformed to this world"]

The world which God hath made us
With all of Nature's bloom,
The world of joyous laughter
Which finds no place for gloom,
The world of honest thinking,
Its findings unconcealed,—
Such worlds we own with gladness,
To such our lives we yield.

The world of perjured commerce
Which undermines the state,
The world of armies, navies
Which calls its weaklings great,
The world of cut-throat profits,
Enslaving foreign land,—
Against such worlds and customs,
United, firm we stand.

We may not flee these evils,
But, Lord, transform each mind,
O save us all from anger
By love for all mankind,
O save us all from wrangling
For wealth or fancied right,
And save from trust in armor,
For Thy Good-will is might.

ELMO A. ROBINSON.

Religion and Evolution

The kind of religion which will be of most service to humanity will be that which accepts and makes full use of the doctrine of evolution. The kinds of religion which reject evolution cannot be of much service to the world, which needs to know and apply the truth about life and life forces.

Biology is the scientific study of the processes of life. Medical science and agriculture both depend directly on the information discovered by those who investigate the facts about plants and animals, including the minute forms of bacterial life useful to man, and those which produce disease. Closely related to biology are certain branches both of economics and psychology. Sociology derives from all three of these, needing to know something of the biological, psychological, and economic forces which together condition the destiny of mankind.

Kinds of Religion Which Reject Evolution

The world is growing worse (say some religionists), and it is part of God's plan that it should. God has put the church in the world as a means of salvation for a comparatively few, even as the ark was a means of saving Noah and his family from the practically universal calamity of the flood.

Religion of this kind does not need to understand social processes in order to control them. The individual believer is the measure of all things, and his salvation depends not on improving social conditions, but on a plan of supernatural providence, which rescues him from the evils of destruction to which the mass of humanity is doomed. God is an avenging despot who will relentlessly punish infractions of his laws and disobedience to his commandments. The picture is perfect and complete. Evolution, pointing out the constant upward development of life in the world in a natural manner, capable of formulation in scientific laws, must be false!

To the Pharisees the world is good enough as it is. Whatever forms of social institutions yield success to them are worthy and deserving of support. Religion means the acceptance of traditions, dogmas, scriptures, ceremonies, handed down by the fathers, to whom they were divinely revealed. The prophets and martyrs, who in their own day and generation were rebels against static institutions, are canonized as supporters of the present status quo. The death of Christ is heralded as his principal work, a necessary part of the divine plan. Human kind are a special creation, made a little lower than the angels, but have, unfortunately, turned against their creator so as to merit and deserve the consequences of their sin and folly meted out to them by a justly indignant Deity in the various forms of earthly suffering and eternal punishment.

The Hard Truths of Evolution

Modern biology teaches that mankind is part of the animal kingdom and that we are subject for the most part to the laws of selection and survival of the fittest. This is a hard teaching for several reasons. For one thing it seems at first to deny to mankind the centrality and supreme importance which he receives in the doctrine of special creation. Like the Copernican system of astronomy it takes man out from the center of the universe and puts him somewhere off on one side. Where one kind of theology teaches that man is made a little lower than the angels, evolutionary biology indicates that he is made a little higher than the monkeys, or, more precisely, that both man and the higher apes have developed from some at present extinct prior form. This makes the human race a cousin of the anthropoid apes. In one way this is a tremendous come down, and it is hardly surprising that the new doctrine is unsatisfying to those of an older generation.

In another way the teaching of evolution is even less acceptable to upholders of ancient traditions. Nature, undeveloped, unevolved, unimproved, is seen as the cruel and unrelenting despot to whom are due the larger part of the sufferings of men as of other animals. Economics takes up the story, and in the teachings of Malthus shows how the crowding of men, even as the crowding of other forms of life, results inevitably in misery, degradation, and death. Corresponding to the incessant struggle for existence among plants and animals, we have in the human species economic competition, in the various forms of chicanery, exploitation, and violence, culminating in open warfare among larger and larger groups.

To be sure, the picture is not all dark. As Kropotkin, Fiske, Ellwood, and others have pointed out, within the group there gradually develops a feeling of solidarity and the practice of mutual aid. Those groups in which co-operation becomes strongest are enabled best to engage in the competitive struggle with other groups. Thus the factors of comradeship, kinship, and other forms of group loyalty grow alongside with the brutal and cruel forms of struggle and warfare. Service and sacrifice within the group;—death and destruction to those outside the group! But here, too, the doctrine fails to satisfy, because it substitutes for the older conception of the supernatural origin of morals a purely naturalistic and historical explanation. Instead of love being a result of obedience to divine decree it seems to be the result of group cohesion in the death-struggle among groups for survival in a crowded environment.

The Kind of Religion Which Accepts Evolution

The truth which will free mankind from the toils and dangers of life cannot be incomplete, or a half-truth which neglects visible and demonstrable facts about life and its processes. The truth which will make us free from these difficulties is the scientific truth arrived at by a fearless investigation of all the forces which affect the ill-being or well-being of humanity, and an uncompromising acceptance of the conclusions of such investigation. If we are to escape from the horrors and brutalities of war it can only be by knowing fully the causes and conditions of war, including the fundamental biological and economic conditions which underlie our political sentiments and activities.

Biology finds that the multiplication of numbers of all living forms produces the crowding for space and food which results in the pushing down of most of the individuals who are brought to life. Crowding means that some are crowded out by the others. Only a few survive, those individuals and groups which are best organized for ruthless competition. An open-minded religion will take these facts into consideration and learn the lesson they teach.

Such a religion is that of all the prophets, who tell of a future social order based on justice, mercy, and brotherly love, in which violence and bloodshed have no part. A fervent believer in the coming of the kingdom of Love will want to learn all the causes

which produce hatred and warfare. If there is a biological aspect of this consequence, if multiplication and crowding induce these evil conditions, then a religion of love will earnestly desire and strive to reduce multiplication and crowding, attacking the problems of poverty and war at their biological tap-root. Let us listen to the answer to the problems of the ages! The birth-rates of the nations must be reduced. Crowded countries like India, China, yes, and European countries, too: Italy, Germany, England, must reduce their populations by great reductions of their birth-rates. England with twenty million inhabitants would be a far healthier and happier place than it can possibly be with fifty millions. And the United States is better off with its present hundred million than it can possibly be with another hundred million.

A Religion of Reality and Progress Must Accept and Apply Evolution

What long-run advantages can come from further growth of population? The manufacturers have an idea that more people will require more of their product, so they will make more money. But what if the more people cannot get employment, whence, then, will come the efficient demand for commodities? Employers may regard an increase of numbers as beneficial as tending to lower wages. Herein lies the very obstacle in the economic pathway of those who have goods to sell; employees with low wages cannot purchase the products at good or even profitable prices! Henry Ford knows the fallacy of low wages. He both teaches and practices the doctrine of high wages. But high wages belong in an era of high per capita returns both in agriculture and industry. The way the returns per man can be kept high is to restrict the numbers of men relatively to the raw material available for making into food, clothing, shelter, and other goods.

A realistic religion will better attain its ends than one which tries to get along without regard to scientific truths. Sentiment is a fine thing, and love of humanity is of the greatest importance, but it is equally important to find and adopt methods of attaining ideals as it is to have the right ideals. At one time Ford tried to get the soldiers out of the trenches before Christmas. It was a very laudable enterprise, but it failed. The Pope's pleas for peace echoed faintly over the battle-field of Europe and the armed camp of America. Religion which depends on emotional propaganda, or myth-laden sentiment, while rejecting the conclusions of biology and economics, cannot stand in the light of reason. Its devotion is empty. Its preaching of love and God is meaningless. Its loyalty to ancient formulas and out-lived creeds stands in the way of the successful achievement of its lofty aims and humanitarian purposes.

The help of natural science is by now universally accepted in our efforts to control the processes of nature. We regulate our daily affairs by clocks which keep time by means of mechanisms adapted to the known laws of motion. We travel and communicate by means of machines designed and kept in order by mathematicians, physicists, and engineers.

Our social order is defective. It moves jerkily. There is too much misery, crime, poverty, war. How can these evils be reduced? How can they be eliminated? Biology and economics point to a few principles which can hardly be denied by an open-minded person, and which need be denied by no sincere advocate of any good religion. The world is getting too crowded with people for their own good. Most countries already have far too many inhabitants. They should reduce their populations by greatly reducing the rate of birth. In poor families the strain on the mothers and the fathers of large numbers of children is an obvious curse. Why try to make out that under these conditions a large family is a blessing? It is not, but a clear case of multiplying poverty and increasing misery. The children of the poor, especially the very poor in crowded countries, have very little chance to emerge from poverty. A large majority of them are doomed to continue and further to propagate poverty and disease. Can true religion stand by and see these things and disregard them, or mumble blasphemies about its being the will of God? No; the kinds of religion which do that are utterly false. They are a kind of devil worship. They encourage their adherents to take a moral holiday, considering mere creeds and ritual ceremonials, sacraments, prayers, and superstitions as of more importance than the welfare of babes and mothers! Of such kinds of religion may there be an end. It cannot come too quickly. The old order changeth, and those who cannot or will not enter into the new order are to be pitied.

False religion requires its adherents to take also an intellectual holiday and to close their eyes to the findings of science. But they cannot escape the consequences of natural and biological processes. All must suffer from the blindness of the people, from their ignorance, from their failure to learn the truth about the influences of the facts of evolution on society. True religion must accept these facts about evolution and help to carry out their application in revised social policy.

HERBERT A. STURGES.

Creation

The earth was created fair
And the circling sea,
Beetle and beast and bird,
The fruit and the tree,
And beautiful human things
Without tear or fret.
"Shall we sing?" said the Morning Stars.
"Not yet!"

Then he scattered the clouds with fire
And the earth with pain,—
Poison and tooth and claw,
And the shattering main;
The strong heart shouted with joy
At the dangers met.
"Shall we sing?" said the Morning Stars.
"Not yet!"

He sowed in the highway snares
Where the feet must pass,—
This way the sun-pure heights,
There the morass;
And the spirit of man stood free
At the cross-roads set.
"Shall we sing?" said the Morning Stars.
"Not yet!"

He bordered the day and the life
With the velvet dark,
And he spread out the misty sea
Where souls embark;
Then Love soared up to the skies,
That is born of Death.
"Shall we sing?" said the Morning Stars.
"Ye may sing!" he saith.

JESSE WALLACE HUGHAN

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

(Copyrighted, 1929)

PART V—CHAPTERS XVI AND XVII

Methods of Work

To give a full account of the Champaran inquiry would be to narrate the history, for the period, of the Champaran ryot, which is out of the question in these chapters. The Champaran inquiry was a bold experiment with truth and *ahimsa,* and I am giving week by week only what occurs to me as worth giving from that point of view. For more details the reader must turn to Sjt. Rajendraprasad's history of the Champaran Satyagraha in Hindi, an English edition which I am told is now in the press.

But to return to the subject matter of this chapter. The inquiry could not be conducted in Gorakhbabu's house, without practically asking poor Gorakhbabu to vacate it. And the people of Motihari had not yet shed their fear to the extent of renting a house to us. However, Brajakishorebabu tactfully secured one with considerable open space about it, and we now removed there.

It was not quite possible to carry on the work without money. It had not been the practice hitherto to appeal to the public for money for work of this kind. Brajakishorebabu and his friends were mainly vakils who either contributed funds themselves or found it from friends whenever there was an occasion. How could they ask the people to pay when they and their kind could well afford to do so? That seemed to be the argument. I had made up my mind not to accept anything from the Champaran ryots. It would be bound to be misinterpreted. I was equally determined not to appeal to the country at large for funds to conduct this inquiry. For that was likely to give it an all-India and political aspect. Friends from Bombay offered Rs. 15,000, but I declined the offer with thanks. I decided to get as much as was possible with Brajakishorebabu's help from well-to-do Biharis living outside Champaran, and if more was needed to approach my friend Dr. P. J. Mehta of Rangoon. Dr. Mehta readily agreed to send me whatever might be needed. We were thus free from all anxiety on this score. We were not likely to require large funds, as we were bent on exercising the greatest economy in consonance with the poverty of Champaran. Indeed, it was found in the end that we did not need any large amount. I have an impression that we expended in all not more than three thousand rupees, and as far as I remember we saved a few hundred rupees from what we had collected.

The curious ways of living of my companions in the early days were a constant theme of raillery at their expense. Each of the vakils had a servant and a cook and, therefore, a separate kitchen, and they often had their dinner as late as midnight. Though they paid their own expenses, their irregularity worried me, but as we had become close friends there was no possibility of a misunderstanding between us and they received my ridicule in good part. Ultimately it was agreed that the servants should be dispensed with, that all the kitchens should be amalgamated, and that regular hours should be observed. As all were not vegetarians and as two kitchens would have been expensive, a common vegetarian kitchen was decided upon. It was also felt necessary to insist on simple meals.

These arrangements considerably reduced the expenses and saved us a lot of time and energy, and both these were badly needed. Crowds of peasants came to make their statements and they were followed by an army of companions who filled the compound and garden to overflowing. The efforts of my companions to save me from *darshan*-seekers were often of no avail, and I had to be exhibited for *darshan* at particular hours. At least five to seven volunteers were required to take down statements, and even then some people had to go away in the evening without being able to make their statements. All these statements were not essential, many of them being repetitions, but the people could not be satisfied otherwise, and I appreciated their feelings in the matter.

Those who took down the statements had to observe certain rules. Each peasant had to be closely cross-examined, and whoever failed to satisfy the test was rejected. This entailed a lot of extra time, but most of the statements were thus rendered incontrovertible.

An officer from the C.I.D. would always be present when these statements were recorded. We might have prevented him, but we had decided from the very beginning not only not to mind the presence of C.I.D. officers, but to treat them with courtesy and to give them all the information that was possible to give them. This was far from doing us any harm. On the contrary, the very fact that the statements were taken down in the presence of the C.I.D. officers made the peasants more fearless. Whilst, on the one hand, excessive fear of the C.I.D. was driven out of the peasants' minds, on the other, their presence exercised a natural restraint on exaggeration. It was the business of C.I.D. friends to entrap people, and so the peasants had necessarily to be cautious.

As I did not want to irritate the planters, but to win them over by gentleness, I made a point of writing to and meeting such of them against whom allegations of a serious nature were made. I met the Planters' Association as well, placed the ryots' grievance before them and acquainted myself with their point of view. Some of the planters hated me, some were indifferent, whilst a few treated me with courtesy.

Companions

Brajakishorebabu and Rajendrababu were a matchless pair. Their devotion made it impossible for me to take a single step without their help. Their disciples, or their companions—Shambhubaba, Anugrahababu, Dharanibabu, Ramnavibabu and other vakils—were always with us. Vindhyababu and Janakdharibabu also came and helped us now and then. All these were Biharis. Their principal work was to take down the ryots' statements.

Professor Kripalani could not but cast in his lot with us. Though a Sindhi he was more Bihari than a born Bihari. I have seen a few workers capable of merging themselves in the province of their adoption. Kripalani is one of those few. He made it im-

possible for any one to feel that he belonged to a different province. He was my gatekeeper in chief. For the time being he made it the end and aim of his life to save me from *darshan*-seekers. He warded off people, calling to his aid now his unfailing humor, now his non-violent threats. At nightfall he would take up his occupation of a teacher, and regale his companions with his historical studies and observations, and quicken any timid visitor into bravery.

Maulana Mazharul Haq had registered his name on the standing list of helpers whom I might count upon whenever necessary, and he made a point of looking in once or twice a month. The pomp and splendor in which he then lived was a sharp contrast to his simple life of today. The way in which he associated with us made us feel that he was one of us, though his fashionable habit gave a stranger a different impression.

As I gained more experience of Bihar, I became convinced that work of a permanent nature was impossible without proper village education. The ryots' ignorance was pathetic. They either allowed their children to roam about, or made them toil on indigo plantations from morning to night for a couple of coppers a day. In those days a male laborer's wage did not exceed ten pice, a female's did not exceed six and a child's three. He who succeeded in earning four annas a day was considered most fortunate.

In consultation with my companions I decided to open primary schools in six villages. One of our conditions with the villagers was that they should provide the teachers with board and lodging while we would see to the other expenses. The village folk had hardly any cash in their hands, but they could well afford to provide foodstuffs. Indeed, they had already expressed their readiness to contribute grain and other raw materials.

From where to get the teachers was a great problem. It was difficult to find local teachers who would work for a bare allowance or without remuneration. My idea was never to entrust children to commonplace teachers. Their literary qualification was not so essential as their moral fibre.

So I issued a public appeal for voluntary teachers. It received a ready response. Sjt. Gangadharrao Deshpande sent Babasaheb Soman and Pundarik. Mrs. Avantikabai Gokhale came from Bombay and Mrs. Anandibai Vaishampayan from Poona. I sent to the Ashram for Chhotalal, Surendranath and my son Devdas. About this time Mahadev Desai and Narahari Parikh with their wives cast in their lot with me. Kasturbai was also summoned for the work. This was a fairly strong contingent. Shrimati Avantikabai and Shrimati Anandibai were educated enough, but Mrs. Durga Desai and Mrs. Manibehn Parikh had nothing more than a bare knowledge of Gujarati, and Kasturbai not even that. How were these ladies to instruct the children in Hindi?

I explained to them that they were expected to teach the children not grammar and the three R's so much as cleanliness and good manners. I further explained that even as regards letters there was not so great a difference between Gujarati, Hindi and Marathi as they imagined, and in the primary classes, at any rate, the teaching of the rudiments of the alphabet and numerals was not a difficult matter. The result was that the classes taken by these ladies were found to be the most successful. The experience inspired them with confidence and interest in their work. Avantikabai's became a model school. She threw herself heart and soul into her work. She brought her exceptional gifts to bear on it. Through these ladies we could, to some extent, reach the village women.

But I did not want to stop at providing for primary education. The villages were unsanitary, the lanes full of filth, the wells surrounded by mud and stink and the court-yards unbearably untidy. The elder people badly needed education in cleanliness. They were all suffering from various skin diseases. So it was decided to do as much sanitary work as possible and to penetrate every department of their lives.

Doctors were needed for this work. I requested the Servants of India Society to lend us the services of the late Dr. Dev. We had been great friends and he readily offered his services for six months. The teachers—men and women—had all to work under him.

All of them had express instructions not to concern themselves with grievances against planters or with politics. People who had any complaints to make were to be referred to me. No one was to venture out of his beat. The friends carried out these instructions with wonderful fidelity. I do not remember a single infraction of discipline.

M. K. GANDHI.

(*Translated from Navajivan by Mahadeo Desai.*)

The Study Table

"Shoddy"*

Novels on the church—its creeds, its doctrines, or its practices have not been altogether uncommon in the history of fiction. There is Mrs. Humphrey Ward and the theological agonies of her "Robert Elsmere." There is Mrs. Margaret Deland and her great skeptical sufferer. There is Winston Churchill with much solid documentation presenting John Hodder's efforts to free himself from the fetters of dogma. More recently has come the spectacle of "Elmer Gantry," which a hardened pessimist like Sinclair Lewis should never have written at all.

Enter "Shoddy," by Dan Brummitt.

Strangely enough, it has always been the suspicion of the present reviewer that "Shoddy" was bound to be written some day. And here it is: written well enough, but not too well, and by a good Methodist, but a better Christian. It took courage to write "Shoddy."

However, this is obviously a day of literary flatulency. Contemporary life is producing no Hugos, no Tolstoys, no Dostoyevskys—a remark commonplace enough, to be sure, but necessary. Instead we must tolerate the verbal gurgitations of a host of petty craftsmen who apparently see no more mighty themes with which to stir the souls of men. Hence it is that any reviewer of "Shoddy" who is also a lover of literature (all reviewers are not such) is forced to approach his task with certain qualms, particularly if he has first read the flaps on the blurb. Here is a novel with a purpose. Here is didacticism in its essence. Here is art reduced to the unkindly job of an exposé.

"Shoddy" is the story of the careers of two men, friends from boyhood. The two enter college together

*Shoddy. Dan Brummitt. Chicago. Willett, Clark & Colby. $2.00.

where they prepare for the ministry. Bartelmy Bonafede finally becomes a pulpiteer of marvelous calibre and by much diplomacy of a rather selfish sort rises to a position of power and distinction in his church—even to that of the episcopacy. In the meantime he has married the daughter of an influential judge, which further adds to his general prestige.

Peter Middleton, on the other hand, of a quiet, unselfish manner, espouses the cause of the common people. Through the machinations of Bonafede, who Jacob-like overreaches his brother, Peter is passed on from one "charge" to another until finally he lands at Great Meadows, where he makes a name for himself and his church with the Oxford Fellowship.

A time comes, however, when Bartelmy Bonafede is made to realize the essential greatness and the undoubted superiority of Peter Middleton. He is man enough to confess it in what is perhaps the most dramatic part of the book: that all his honors are as sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal—that Peter Middleton's life rings true and that his own does not. Or, to change the figure, his own life is shoddy—dead wool.

The book contains some excellent characterization. Bonafede, we suspect, is faithfully drawn. Brummitt says he has seen many Bonafedes. Peter, Viola, and the judge are vivid enough.

But perhaps the most striking thing about the book and the thing that Methodists will not like, but which will be good for them, nevertheless, is its fearless, almost brutal criticism. At times the irony is scimitar-like—keen enough to make most any bishop wince, and drastic enough in its exposure to jar the self-complacent pride of the ecclesiastical hierarchy for whose sake the author is writing the book.

"Shoddy" lacks the craftsmanship of "Elmer Gantry," but many will think it superior to Sinclair Lewis' book in that it is free from any taint of Mephistophelianism on the part of its author.

FREDERIC FADNER.

"Scarlet Sister Mary"*

I used to think how sad it was that the intelligent colored people were obliged to get what pleasure they might in light fiction from reading of white people. The white people's problems; their interpretation of life and the manners of a society formed for and enjoyed (or cursed) by themselves.

Lately, it has been a real joy to find that this is being rapidly changed.

Books and plays dealing with the Negro race's problems and characters are increasing and my delight has increased since I have found myself intensely interested in such books and plays.

Then, a little to my chagrin, I have discovered the similarity of all social and spiritual problems, the difference lying merely in the reaction and interpretation.

Among the books that are, to my mind, distinctive along these lines are "Black April" and "Scarlet Sister Mary"* by Julia Peterkin.

The latter book I touch upon now. I always refrain from "telling the story." That seems unfair to reader and author, but it must awaken curiosity and offer an incentive to both reader and author, for a reviewer to turn the spotlight on a few incidents and characters in a book and, holding it firm for a moment or two, impress the significance upon the casual reader of a review.

In "Scarlet Sister Mary," the author has told a story that catches and holds the interest from start to finish. But she has done more, she has accomplished a really difficult thing. She has developed a character that, rebelling against the usual codes of her neighbors and associates, still holds their love and respect. This is an almost impossible thing to do—but Miss Peterkin has done it.

The story is set in a Southern town, where traditions and habit of old thought and religious training prevail; where poverty and struggle persist, but where modern ideas creep in and wage warfare with established ideals.

Sister Mary is the heroine, but Cinder, a delightful example of the woman of *charm*—charm greater than mere physical beauty—runs her a close second.

There is old "Maum Hannah," the faithful "mother" of the place. A woman who knowing life—the life of her people; holding to the demands of the Church, still remains the human and brooding friend of all—saints and sinners alike.

Then there is Budda Ben, her crippled son, with an oriental philosophy that makes his name suggestive, and Doll, the woman who has the strange power of holding and managing her "man" when least deserving to do so. And July, the husband of little Sister Mary—the perfect type of the roaming male always able to endear himself to women where most they should spurn him.

For love, always for love, Mary defies the moral code: becomes "Scarlet," is "turned out of church," takes her punishments with sweet humility and goes on her course. Because her impulses are good, not evil: unselfish, not brutal, the real self of her remains lovely and beloved. For love of July, she gives herself generously, when he betrays her, after marrying her—and goes away with the luring Cinder, Scarlet Sister Mary almost dies. Her silent suffering is tragic and heart rending, only her love for her baby and the friendship of Budda Ben and July's brother, June, hold her to her course.

Then Budda Ben's philosophy grips her, but in quite a different way from what Budda Ben intends. She learns to regard all men in the light of the erring July; they are not worthy of devotion and suffering, but they are powers to be used intelligently.

Henceforth Sister Mary uses them, not for mercenary ends ever—but, the maternal rising above all else in her, she yearns for a large family without the incumbrances of men.

What a mother she became! Her children are healthy—well mannered and intelligent. She, alone, labors for them, loves them, yearns over them and they adore her. To each one of them she is a "good" woman; to her neighbors, though religiously she is "scarlet," humanly she is a shining white light. Do read the book and enjoy the humor of it; the pathos and nobility of it.

If you do not quite comprehend its significance, keep in mind that you might not fully understand the actions and reactions of a society of another land and people.

The people of the colored race in America are, to a certain extent, strangers among us as far as common life is concerned and their interpretation and solving of the problems common to all will naturally become more and more interesting.

HARRIETT T. COMSTOCK.

*Scarlet Sister Mary, by Julia Peterkin, published by Bobbs-Merrill Co.

Correspondence

Build Upon a Rock

A man with one hundred per cent boldness and self-assurance accosted me on the street, saying, "Hey, will you stake me for carfare to the soldiers' home? I came in yesterday and some of the fellers got me a little too drunk to go back. I'm a veteran of the Spanish war."

Falling into his mood I replied, "All right, here you are," and handed him a street car ticket, for I did not know but that what he really wanted was money to aid in the purchase of more liquor.

Later, I wondered if in giving him even such a trifle I had not encouraged his boldness and his drinking. Had I not led him to believe that I admired a man who had engaged in war and then become a charge upon society? I could at least have told him that his having been a soldier did not make a hit with me.

Still later, I read William G. Simpson's articles and discovered that, according to his theory, I should have given the man my coat and purse and everything else I had if he wanted them. Brother Simpson believes that if men are entirely true to the greatest love that is in their hearts they can only stand with open hands and say to all who come, "Everything that I have is just as much yours as mine." His leading apparently comes from the words of Jesus, "Give to him that asketh thee."

As my ultimate aims are spiritual I disclaim any irreverent intent in what I am about to say concerning Jesus. I do not deny that he was, in a sense, divine. I admire him in some respects, especially his moral courage and his passion for humanity. I believe in many of his sayings. But it seems to me that he has been overestimated. If he had not been crucified we might never have heard of him. We do not know whether his sayings have been reported accurately or not; but we know that only a small portion of them have been reported at all. Some of the other things he said may have been important, and they may have modified those which have been reported. His reported teachings do not always hang together. For instance, in one place he says to "go and sell that thou hast, and give to the poor," while in another place he approves the taking of profit. It would seem queer if we could not improve upon him, since we have had the advantage of nineteen hundred years of development. I can think of several ways in which his teachings can be improved upon. Perhaps I shall write about them more fully some time, but we are at present concerned only with his advice to "Give to him that asketh thee."

I also admire Brother Simpson's moral courage and passion for humanity. With his general proposition, that we should be concerned about the universal family and that everything we have should be regarded as loaned to us out of the common store of society, I agree; but I dissent from the conclusion that perfect love demands that we stand ready to give these things to any and everybody who wants them.

That would be blind love. Sex love, before marriage, is the only kind of love that is blind, as a general thing, and it ought not to be. The most agonizing mistakes are made and the most hideous consquences are suffered, because sex love is blind. Analogous mistakes and consequences would be made and suffered if the higher love were blind.

I happen to know a number of idealists, some of whom burned their bridges behind them and risked the starvation of their families and themselves in order to work toward the realization of their ideal of human brotherhood. They gave themselves, and they thereby prevented themselves from accumulating any property worth mentioning; but such property as they have they do not pass out indiscriminately. Rather, while they are generous enough with it, nevertheless they use it more to enable themselves to continue to work for their ideals than to give away. In looking over the lists of sponsors of various good causes I find the names of these persons and of others whom they influenced. There is no doubt in my mind that such men and women possess more nearly perfect love than a man who disdains to own anything and stands ready to part with whatever he has "to the first man who wants it." They are realists enough to know that, standing in the valley, they cannot reach the mountain peak without going through the intervening space. They have applied common sense to the situation as they find it.

Sherwood Eddy sets a good example by limiting his expenditures to the amount which keeps him in proper condition to serve the good causes which he serves.

Brother Simpson suggests that such men might give up "preaching" and become wage workers. It would be a great loss to humanity if they did. Besides, if everyone lived up to Brother Simpson's theory, they could not become wage workers, for neither private nor public industry would be possible, since both have at least the implied threat of force, and will have it for some time to come.

Self-examination is desirable. One should never do, think nor imagine anything which one would not be willing to have the whole world know. Only those acts are moral and right which make for upward progress, or at least do not retard it. It is always well, however, that one should remember that one is human. One should be good-natured with oneself. One should stand ready to forgive oneself and others for mistakes and shortcomings —and try again. One should remember that one lives in an imperfect world and that only approximate adherence to ideals is possible.

I am reminded of an incident which occurred in the philosophy class when I was in college. The class was taught by the college president, a portly man with a deep voice. He ran his big finger down the list of names on his desk and called, "Mr. Jamieson!" Mr. Jamieson arose in his place. "Mr. Jamieson," said the doctor, with a twinkle in his black eye, "if you were to set forth to go from the house to the barn, and you were to go half the distance, and then go half the remaining distance, and then go half the remaining distance, and keep on going half the remaining distance, would you ever reach the barn?" There was a twinkle in Mr. Jamieson's eye, too, as he quick-wittedly replied, "Well, doctor, I would get near enough for all practical purposes!" Idealists who only spend enough on themselves to keep them in condition to work for their ideals, and do not give their property away indiscriminately, are near enough to the absolute disowning of ownership, for all practical purposes, and they do far more good in the world than they would if they became finical on that point.

I am also reminded of an incident which I once read in UNITY, about a little girl who saw a cat on the front lawn and told her mother a lion was there. The mother, unable to appreciate the imagination, sent her to her room to ask God to forgive her for lying. She came back soon and the mother asked her if God forgave her. "Oh, yes," was the blithe reply, "He said, 'Child, don't bother me about a little thing like that; I thought it was a lion myself when I first looked at it!'" Just as the child wholesomely took it for granted that God is gifted with imagination, so I take it for granted that God is gifted with a sense of humor; and I believe that if an idealist were to approach him solemnly about the condoning of implied violence in the protection of a modest property used for idealistic purposes, God would say, "Sonny, you make me laugh; it doesn't take as much as the little finger of the smallest policeman to protect your baubles. I thought I put a balance in your head when I made you; why don't you use it?"

This, in spite of the fact that the ownership of income-bearing property is clearly immoral, not so much because of the implied threat of violence as on account of the fact that it gives to the owner the earnings of others and deprives them of something which might result in upward growth. Brother Simpson's denunciation of the social order is impressive to me, but his appeal for what he earnestly believes to be the remedy leaves me cold. It does not afford any genuine way out. We are all caught in the social order and the best we can do is to use whatever advantages it hands to us for the purpose of replacing it with a better order. This is creative love, and it removes the curse from the individual. Merely refusing to own property will not do so.

On the refusing-to-own-property theory, one would also have to refrain from using food, clothing or shelter, since the producers of all of these are protected by implied violence.

The best way to make property "ours" is to make it collective. Now and then someone sets a good example by giving a tract of land to a city or state for park purposes. Andrew Carnegie, although he would not have had his millions if they had gone to those who earned them,

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

THE NATIONAL FEDERATION OF RELIGIOUS LIBERALS

The National Federation of Religious Liberals will hold its annual meeting in

Iowa City, Iowa,

Tuesday and Wednesday, January 29 and 30, 1929. The sessions will be held in the First Unitarian Church.

PROGRAM

Tuesday, January 29—

2:30—Round Table for Ministers led by Dr. Clyde W. Hart, Associate Professor of Sociology, University of Iowa—"Personality: Its Nature and Development."

6:00—Fellowship Dinner.

8:00—Platform Meeting—The Hon. Roger S. Galer, LL.D., presiding.

1. Sidney S. Robins, Ph.D., Professor of Philosophy in Lombard College—"What Philosophy Can Do for Religion."
2. Rabbi Eugene Mannheimer of Des Moines—"The Challenge That Confronts Us as Liberals."

Wednesday, January 30—

10:30—Annual Business. Session of the Federation to be followed by a meeting of the Council.

2.30—Round Table for Ministers, led by Dr. Edward B. Reuter, Professor of Sociology, University of Iowa—"The Origin of Religion."

8:00—Platform Meeting, Judge Galer presiding.

1. The Rev. Charles Parker Connolly, Minister of the Church of the Christian Union, Rockford, Ill.—"Liberalism and the Survival of the Fittest Ideas."
2. The Rev. Lee S. McCollester, D.D., Dean, Crane Theological School, Tufts College, Mass. Subject to be announced.

Reservations for rooms may be had at the Washington Hotel, one block from the Church, by writing to the Rev. A. L. Weatherly, 10 S. Gilbert street. Rates: Single room, $1.25 to $1.75; double room, $2.00 to $3.00.

Dinner will be served by the ladies of the First Unitarian Church, Tuesday evening.

Three amendments to the constitution, as proposed by the Executive Committee, will be presented for consideration, as follows:

(a) In specification 3 of Article IV, strike out the words "one hundred dollars or more" and substitute in lieu thereof the words "annual contributions."

(b) In Article V, Section 1, strike out the last sentence and substitute in lieu thereof the sentence, "The chairman of the Executive Committee shall act as the secretary and treasurer of the Federation."

(c) In Article VII, strike out all of lines 3 and 4 and substitute in lieu thereof "notice of the proposed change shall have been included in the published announcement of the meeting."

The meetings are open to everybody, and all liberals are especially urged to be present. Particular emphasis is included in this invitation to ministers, in view of the round table discussions in the program.

CHARLES E. SNYDER.
Executive Chairman.

THE SACCO-VANZETTI NATIONAL LEAGUE

Are You a Member?

The Sacco-Vanzetti National League was not formed to prove that Sacco and Vanzetti were innocent. The first principle upon which it bases its reasons for existing at all is that Sacco and Vanzetti were innocent. Members of the Sacco-Vanzetti National League know that overwhelming proof of this exists already. Our purpose is to see that knowledge of this truth is spread to those who do not know it.

We want to reach not only those who are convinced of the innocence of Sacco and Vanzetti, but also those who are confused, who are in doubt, as to what to believe. We want the men and women who were deceived into believing that Sacco and Vanzetti were guilty to get the facts.

We feel that no greater honor could be paid to Sacco and Venzetti than to use their death as a means of combatting the dark forces of reaction and prejudice which add to the misery of the world.

Every person who was revolted by the execution of these two innocent men should be enrolled in the Sacco-Vanzetti National League.

"What I wish more than all in this last hour of agony is that our case and our fate may be understood in their real being and serve as a tremendous lesson to the forces of freedom—so that our

---

did well to give them to the public in the form of libraries. I am hoping that sooner or later the philanthropic element among the rich, whose fortunes evidently sear their consciences, will begin to give great quantities of stocks and bonds to the public, in order that the latter may become the owner of the industries which issued the stocks and bonds. Eventually the public will no doubt, by purchase and gift, become the owner of all industries which private owners now use for the purpose of taking to themselves the earnings of the others. That is the only species of property which presents a problem. When it becomes collective, it will be "ours"—but it will be systematically and productively ours, not chaotically and fruitlessly so, as it would if all of us merely refused to own anything.

If it be objected that this still leaves property backed by an implied threat of force, the reply is that it will only continue to be so until such time as there is no further need of force. It is true that there is God in every man—including the bold and self-assertive man with whom this article opens—but it is unfortunately also true that there are hogs, foxes, reptiles, tigers and "ravening wolves" in men. Have you never seen one of these deliberately take a mean and selfish advantage of a good man's goodness? Anti-social individuals cannot be permitted to misappropriate collective property, even though the occasional reluctant use of force may be required to prevent it. The animal qualities in men are gradually being eliminated even under present conditions, and a better environment in which love shall be basic will eliminate them more rapidly, so that in time the God in men will become so ascendant that no further use of force will be necessary.

The garden variety of idealist is the kind that makes the world move along, while the spectacular variety gets much publicity and the attention of the curious. If the alleged seers "have for the most part been beggars," I really think someone ought to say a word in behalf of those from whom they begged, chiefly poor and hard-working people no doubt, who kept them from starving. I say "alleged seers" because they so often did not see straight. If men like St. Francis of Assisi and Leo Tolstoy have jolted anyone's complacency regarding the moral right to appropriate the use of income-bearing property, it is well, and they should have full credit; but, in the main, their influence is barren. It leads a few to do sterile stunts, and it does not affect the mass at all. As for Mahatma Gandhi, he has something additional. It is possible that his theory of non-violent resistance to England may fit the conditions in India and the qualities of the Indian people. Certainly they are in no position, either as to means or qualities, to stage a violent revolt. It would be a desirable experiment if his theory could be tried, on an India-wide scale.

I thoroughly sympathize with those who would like to escape from the gross materialism and the craze for ownership which beset us on all sides. It must be heavenly to live in loving companionship with others who are free of those besetments, provided that it does not carry with it the disturbing thought that one has run away from one's duty to the human race. I know of no way to make this escape without incurring this disturbing thought, except by joining or forming a cooperative community which would afford a valuable schooling in fellowship and at the same time reflect its benign influence upon the world at large.

In any event, remember that God has a sense of humor. It is important.

Milwaukee, Wis. JOHN M. WORK.

suffering and death will not have been in vain."

BARTOLOMEO VANZETTI.

(Written in the Death House a few hours before he was executed.)

The Sacco-Vanzetti Case is NOT All Over!

"A great tragedy has been enacted in our time and these are among its important records. Let no one read these books who is not prepared to weep at the terror and the beauty of life. There are five men who will not dare to read them as long as they live." —(James Rorty.)

After Sacco and Vanzetti were safely executed, August 23, 1927, the Governor of Massachusetts breathed a sigh of relief and said:

"Thank God it is all over"!

How mistaken Governor Fuller was in thinking he had silenced the case forever by turning Sacco and Vanzetti over to the executioner is shown by the following events which have taken place recently:

1. The investigation by *The Outlook* and *Independent* Magazine of the Bridgewater case, printed in the issues of October 31 and November 7, 1928.

"The evidence here set forth makes dismal reading. For it establishes an overwhelming presumption that Vanzetti had nothing to do with the Bridgewater crime at all. The editors, with the assistance of able investigators, have obtained the confession of one man who says he took part in it. . . . The implications of this are terrific. For if Vanzetti was not guilty in the Bridgewater case, then the theory on which he was tried in the South Braintree case collapses."—(Editorial in N. Y. *World,* Oct. 30, 1928.)

2. The publication in November, 1928, of the Letters of Sacco and Vanzetti by the Viking Press.

"Nothing that has been written so far about that famous case carries the conviction of these simple, protesting letters, expressed in the quaint English of men who acquired most of the tongue in prison. . . . The Letters will be read and reread. For many they will mark the beginning of an intelligent curiosity about the strange case of these two men, who died convicted of murder in the State of Massachusetts."—(Harry Hansen's book review, N. Y. *World,* Nov. 28, 1928.)

3. The publication of Upton Sinclair's novel "Boston."

This appeared first in serial form in the *Bookman* magazine; in November it was published in two volumes by A. & C. Boni.

"He (Vanzetti) became, not by an accident, but by loyally following the dictates of an illumined soul and an honest mind, a revolutionary saint and martyr in the blaze of whose spirit America has been made to see herself as never before in all her history. Something of that blaze kindles much of the writing that has been done about Sacco and Vanzetti. It flickers through the pages of 'Boston' and makes Upton Sinclair's two-volume novel-history almost continuously alive and moving."—(James Rorty in The Nation, Dec. 5, 1928.)

4. The production in New York during the month of October, 1928, of "Gods of the Lightning," a play based on the Sacco-Vanzetti case, written by Maxwell Anderson and Harold Hickerson and produced by Hamilton MacFadden.

"Gods of the Lightning" emerges gradually as a tormentous, grim drama, involving issues of frightful magnitude. Played with a subdued, tense fervor, staged with an artlessness that conveys the obvious resolution of the enterprise, it made a profound impression upon a sympathetic audience. . . . The authors do not argue the innocence of their chief characters. Their innocence is the essential premise of the play."—(J. Brooks Atkinson in the N. Y. *Times,* Oct. 27, 1928.)

5. The publication of the entire court records of the case by Henry Holt and Company in six volumes.

6. Formation of plans to have a Sacco-Vanzetti Memorial House in Boston, to be used as a forum for liberal discussion.

Details of this proposed Memorial Center for Sacco and Vanzetti will be issued later.

7. And the appearance of innumerable articles comments and reviews in various magazines and newspapers in this country and Europe.

The English *Daily News* and *Westminster Gazette,* for example, recently carried a front page article on *The Outlook* investigation of the Bridgewater case. See also the *Survey Graphic* for December, 1928, for an ticle by Louis Stark, "The Silva Confession."

(Any of the books described above may be ordered from the Sacco-Vanzetti National League.)

The following pamphlets, magazines and reprinted articles can be obtained from the Sacco-Vanzetti National League:

The Outlook Magazine for October 31 and November 7, 1928, containing results of an investigation of the Bridgewater case. Price 15 cents each, 30 cents for the two issues.

"There is Justice" by William Floyd; a summary of the Sacco-Vanzetti case. Price 10 cents.

Reprint of Lowell Report with Decision of Governor Fuller refusing pardon to Sacco and Vanzetti, and pamphlets "Ten Questions That Have Never Been Answered." Price 10 cents.

Reprints of various articles on the Sacco-Vanzetti case written by John Dewey, Arthur Warner, William Thompson and Dr. Meiklejohn. Price 25 cents.

The Sacco-Vanzetti National League is supported entirely by voluntary contributions. Sums of any amount will be appreciated.

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